

a slow decade, I broke resistance
down until my whole hand
could explore it. Now
I thought I would recall the pain
that such exposure of a broken surface
brings, but was disgusted when I found,
at the deepest part of its dry heart,
a nest of dead, black chrysalids
that never would grow wings.

WHEN MY FATHER DIED

On the day my father died
all the hoops in the neighborhood rang
skate wheels shrilled on summer pavements
and I in my blakey boots clanged one foot
in each gutter,

On the day my father died
girls were running autumn-eyed, with wild hair
and hands of silk; peg-tops had come round again
and in the sky the angels were as plain as wings

But on the day my father died
white faces fell from every window
and every house found rooms of tears to hide
while I, joy-jumping, empty eyed sang on the day
my father died

Now my father dies a little every day
And the faces from each window grow like mine.

Edwin Brock.